



## THE MILK QUARTERLY #2

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 Joe Brainard  
 Mike Rychlewski  
 Darlene Pearlstein  
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 Alan Ziegler  
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 for #3 please send mss. (preferably  
 a large body of work) with stamped  
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 "Milk the Cows not the customers!"

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 and Richard Friedman

The Origin of Eyelids by Richard  
 Friedman and Gail Angell

Three Works by Richard Friedman

orange  
for anselm hollo

it's seven thirty-six  
this friday morning  
i've been waiting  
all night  
for the right moment  
to open this orange  
perhaps this time  
i'll bite with my teeth  
to make a cut  
insert my fingernail  
under the exposed lip  
remove the peel in one piece  
place my thumbs  
in the convenient hole  
opening the petal sections  
and maya will unfold  
to show me  
the nine paths i walk

## Things To Do in Glencoe

Bring your rug for naps in kindergarten.  
Dye your carpet red and join the RED FOOT TRIBE.  
Hop the cement bumpers in the parking lot of the Glencoe Theater,  
where I first saw South Pacific.  
Watch the streetlights turn on at noon of an overcast day.  
Buy Chum Gum at Bartole's. Taunt Perry Bartole and share  
green rivers -- first one to spit down his straw gets  
the rest.  
Eat Snow! Mother.  
Take the Iowa Tests (ninth stanine).  
Rise to second trumpet in the band, but miss the high notes  
so try tuba, but lose the mouthpiece.  
Bikehike to the Lagoons.  
Answer "How does it feel to be a twin?" with  
"How does it feel not to be a twin?"  
Steal Tom Dooley's Go Tell It On the Mountain at Rehn's drug store.  
Play "Kill the guy who's got it" with the big kids and  
hope not to get it.  
Whisper obscenities to Joe the Minah Bird at the Dime Store.  
Order fries at Ricky's.  
Discover old Playboys in abandoned greenhouse -- smash the pots  
and use the dirt in your airguns.  
Slide down snow covered garages.  
Get mononucleosis, "the kissing disease", at eleven and be ashamed  
to tell anyone. While in bed drink 50-50 and sniff Revolve  
glue as you put the U.S.S. Coral Sea together, Thanks Norman.  
Read in bed with a penlight.  
Be the only kid in school with a Jewish name on Yom Kippur --  
explain that it's all a misunderstanding.  
Nail a hole in the cap of a Seven Up bottle and shake well.  
Invent Frisbee baseball and indoor tackle football. Putt for  
a thousand dollars.  
Try on every pair of sunglasses at Adams.  
Get kicked out of class for being a Fawcett Alac.  
Climb the viaduct. There, clutching your orange pop and  
the latest issue of Green Lantern, bask in the sun, relax  
and enjoy life. After a train passes check to see how your  
pennies on the rail distort Lincoln's face.  
Have your dad "hit 'em out."  
March in the Memorial Day Parade.  
Cheke on your mother's smoke. Offer to get a crowcut if she  
gives up cigarettes:  
"The aforesigned Mary Friedman agrees to quit  
smoking provided her sons Mark Alan and Richard  
Anton get crowcuts. And, if after one year she  
has resumed smoking, said sons may assert their  
rights to her entire fortune."



Join the Boy Scouts. Quit the Boy Scouts.  
 Miss games of "scrub" to learn Spanish and imbibe the powerful  
 scent of Señorita Barrigos.  
 Scramble up the roof with Mark to feel the breeze.  
 Realize the high point of your pre-puberty love life when  
 six girls attend a turtle auction in your room.  
 Walk out on the slimy rocks at the beach.  
 Sneak in the Skokie Country Club for Fourth of July fireworks.  
 Win the twist contest at Graduation parties.  
 Make funny phone calls.  
 Be an attitude problem.  
 Go to high school.

#### Syntax

1. Incredible!
2. An urge for peanuts
3. Incredible! An urge for peanuts
4. An incredible urge for peanuts
5. An urge incredible! for peanuts
6. An urge for incredible! peanuts
7. An urge for peanuts incredible!
8. An urge for peanuts
9. Incredible!

Richard Friedman

5 Poems by Kathy James

brechin avenue

all afternoon i arrange yellow flowers/leaves  
in a wine bottle while you sleep,  
    sunlight on the wooden floor  
    orange crates and dust  
    books still  
    piled in the corner  
    peeling ceiling  
the room with you, balances  
like a japanese mobile  
no matter where i walk.

poem for my return to chicago

i've given you up  
    for a lake  
    somewhere  
    in a chekhov play  
  
how else can i refrain  
    from sequences  
    loving/unloving  
  
believing the brown in your beard  
    wall tones  
    summer feet  
    book covers on castro street  
  
for awhile every piece of driftwood felt like you  
  
i was never moody  
until i lived in san francisco  
tired of blue jean laundry  
walking my bicycle up streets  
riding it down  
  
in ferlinghetti's rain i used to wish for a spring prairie  
your beard has magic enough only to make it brown  
  
i leave you chekhov  
    sitting under his poor moon  
    trying to understand what he writes  
  
there's a wild and small child inside of me  
not even you can catch her hand.

untitled

i want love to change  
my waking in the morning

keeping me in a brahman dream  
above bathroom tile & backstairs footing

spinning me like a stone  
setting a thousand silver minnows  
in a swarm.

i want to be sand  
for you to change into pearl  
with a morning hold.

la cause célèbre

she is conscious  
again  
of the four white  
walls

angela is black  
for a moment  
in the  
dialectical struggle  
she

angela is red  
was beyond them.

for kindergarten

there's energy inside me tonite  
tho i lay hours

here  
music & book endings  
i'm a child's hand  
begging to  
burst  
color out of the lines  
in a coloring book.

Kathy James

## 2 Works by Dave Morice and Allan Kornblum

### Literature & Tomorrow's Paths

After you turn off the light & the novel you're reading goes dark, you might wonder just what new paths literature can take from the present day so-called "Astral-realism" which dominates the prose scene. Is your pillow comfortable--and your bed? The book, your sidekick, accompanies you to the land in which Astral-realism abounds, the Harbor of Vortices located in tomorrow's neurons which are already crystalized in literature. But like rock candy dissolved into a thermos of coffee, we find the journey from beginning to end, just a little too sweet. Is not the apocalypse a chamberpot of twaddle? Do we check the size of the bed with a yardstick or do we flop onto it and roll around, feeling the fish under the covers. The book tries to sop up your mind in its poet-sponge-sweep before your mental electricity flashes down the sink into the drainpipe vortex, but arm-in-arm with Fred Astaire, your pillow dances out of the kitchen, down to the docks where the reader awakes from his wet dream listening to the blissful gulls.

In literature as well as the dance, the them must develop, or "ascend" (as the Astral-realist would say), from the watch crystal as well as the watch. This is the beginning of the phenomenon known as "tranquility without a vanishing point". When the reader begins the work of an Astral-realist he can choose any word to begin with, then the next, and then the next. Logically speaking, he is reading the wisdom of the stars. One Astral-realist reader purportedly experienced a meteor waltz as he fell asleep in the bathtub while reading the longest astral work, which has a title so long it blends in with the author. Obviously it isn't published anymore. And this brings modern literature to its next stage: TEMPORALISM.

Temporalism disappears as it is written. There is, as a general rule, little more to say about it other than this one general rule: Whatever a band-aid covers, can disappear. So does the reader taking modern literature with him.

## Creeping Away, You Turn to See

a fine looking bevy of dancing girls  
who are just there to dance  
their hearts out. You pause,  
a little slyly, and check the earth,  
almost. Almost slipped past lunch.  
Sequined tits checker the galaxy  
as the band swings into  
a final rip-roaring chorus.  
Man they're hot.  
Jumblin' the noise around  
for everyone who lights up  
a Marlboro, a sign of a wise smoker.  
Smoke floats to the rafters  
where the girls try on  
attic clothing which crumbles like Greece  
while the party fizzles with a tubercular  
cough that you can't ignore.

Dave Morice and Allan Kornblum

## 3 Poems by Joe Brainard

1971

As 1971 draws to

a close I ----- I

feel I have a lot

I want to say, but ---

----- but when it

comes right down to

saying it, I ----- I

find that, actually, I

have nothing in par-

ticular to say.

### The Whirlwind

As suddenly as it  
hits you, the whirlwind  
passes on. Like a chance  
collision, a happening in  
the night, once known,  
and then forgotten, out  
of nowhere, flinging its  
challenging mark against  
the world, returning to  
the nothingness that  
brought it forth. Of  
all the elements of  
Nature, the whirlwind  
is surely the most precocious.

### Tight Pants

One bad thing about  
pants so tight you  
have to stuff  
it down one pant leg  
or the other is getting  
out of a cab. (Crunch!)

Joe Brainard

3 Poems by Mike Rychlewski

rag time (for cubic blake)

ragging on a calliope: a breeze in kansas  
ragging against fine patterns  
on oriental rugs and tasseled doorways  
in the red rouge parlors of louisiana  
ragging out to frisco  
on clicking wheels and pullman silence  
ragging down chicago's smoky horns  
and baltimore with southern women in real nylons  
ragging in new york: two flights up  
in a sound that never closes

wisconsin (for ray hillgoth)

the hazy late may afternoon  
green  
    shoving itself  
                up my nose  
rushing past i am  
every red house brown cow white cow green farm  
of twenty years  
                from now in  
my old young quietly famous days  
                                and  
one hundred years ago  
                every brown cow  
every white cow  
                evenly  
                        carefully  
separated  
                placed  
on a landscape in a picture

old men at the clark theatre 1963

'je t'aime  
                je t'aime  
                        je t'aime'

Mike Rychlewski

Three Works by Darlene Pearlstein

Riding the L's at Night

It's always Christmas in Chicago

colored lights  
blink

in perpetual metaphor

but

it's hot

and everyone is acting like turtles

except for the fish

who giggle

blow bubbles

and disappear

they don't need night for

a blanket

Sometimes I throw mine off

and visit

but only in a bowl

of milk

I never stay long

they won't let me

but always

ask me

to come again

I will

knowing I can't

escape the straw

he will

continue sucking

and never let me

stay unchaperoned

I am trustworthy

but vulnerable

I write letter

to my friends

they tell me

Santa Claus

is my friend

so

I hang out

my best stockings

they are never filled

with my wishes

only holes

I think

I'll have to start

again

knowing

my blanket

shrinks

every time it rains



New York  
from a distance

sun  
give light  
prism  
take light  
make colors  
warm colors

\*

clouds aren't intimidated by  
missiles or supersonic jets  
that's why I like them  
they hang in there

\*

seagulls follow the ferry  
pulled by invisible strings  
best puppet show in town

\*

airplanes show you  
the world is a giant layer cake  
blueberry custard  
with whipped cream frosting

\*

with Peter Kostakis

### Abortive Publication Blues

Mr. Carroll, Mr. Berkson, Mr. Tom Clark too  
I'm getting back my manuscripts with postage due  
That's why I'm singing these publisher blues

\*Mr. Carroll smiles, but he don't remember my name  
Makes me feel like my whole career has gone down the drain  
Cause when Mr. C. twitches his lip  
I know I'm getting a rejection slip  
Oh there ain't no cure for abortive publication blues.

Tell me Mr. Carroll, is there any hope for my poetry  
Ted says that I'm far out, but Alice has rejected me  
Well, the newspaper boy's been in Dig Sky  
The grocer's been in Telephone  
They're both eating steak and lamb chops  
And Barry says he's got into Bones.  
I feel so down and frustrated  
When will somebody give me a break  
My works have all been underrated  
There must be some kind of mistake  
Oh there ain't no cure for abortive publication blues.

Tom Clark writes and tells me all about the Paris Review  
He tells me that it's filled up, but he's sending me  
the Dachau Blues  
Well, there's no delivery on Sunday  
But Monday is coming fast  
I still hope and pray that one day  
Someone will like my poems at last  
Won't some editor come to my rescue  
I'd be so full of gratitude  
I'd subscribe to all your publications  
And make sure that they're always renewed  
Oh there ain't no cure for abortive publication blues

\*Sung to the tune of "Acute Schizophrenia Blues"

Darlene Pearlstein

2 Works by Tony Towle

Poem

A label covers part of its bottle, simple enough, and by itself  
can hold language back one single minute from an abyss,  
and a girl comes to the door and means to widen her eyes.  
Hand her a piece of bread and return to your work  
(A note to Charles North)  
(A note to Sylvia Plath)  
and a yellow phial filled with a cloudy fluid;  
I spent a lot of time on it, thinking about it,  
changing it in a quiet rage; spilling it,  
soaking it up with a sponge,  
and by this time everyone is in stitches.  
I know none of this is really true,  
until the damned car ran over the embankment,  
which was also not true,  
hundreds of wheels,  
and the embankment a diamond border of another state,  
the road a river stretching far to the north  
and along the way a slope leading beneath the trees  
and from there an unfamiliar clearing  
seen from the trees in a hot pool of sunlit air;  
yet I hesitate to give myself dramatic location,  
time without place is my usual location,  
from some other century thinking to belong to the previous one,  
but without mentioning anything that happened in those centuries.  
In a smaller scale a puddle is covered with boards near the sea  
and an awning shields several uncastrated men from the summer's heat.  
A connection is drawn to its end with the others  
to similar imaginary points between the stars.  
This morning's sun arises in splendor  
intensifying the insane bullshit of time and place.  
In the United States someone passes seeking vengeance  
tearfully into the hoosier night.

4-7/72

To a Friend Departing for the Beach (I)

The delicate bathers in the Pines  
with downcast eyes  
and spirited dogs  
embarrass the oceanic dew  
of the Five Islands.

8-9/70

To a Friend Departing for the Beach (II)

The delicate<sup>1</sup> bathers<sup>2</sup> in the Pines<sup>3</sup>  
with downcast<sup>4</sup> eyes<sup>5</sup>  
and spirited<sup>6</sup> dogs<sup>7</sup>  
embarrass<sup>8</sup> the oceanic<sup>9</sup> dew<sup>10</sup>  
of the Five Islands<sup>11</sup>.

Notes:

1. Easily damaged.<sup>a</sup>
  2. Birds.
  3. Fire Island Pines, Long Island; a group of trees.<sup>c</sup>
  4. On the ground.
  5. (noticing crabs)<sup>d</sup>
  6. Stolen.
  7. Wings; devices for grappling.<sup>f</sup>
  8. Complicate.<sup>e</sup>
  9. Hyperbole - see '10'.<sup>h</sup>
  10. A few drops of rain.<sup>i</sup>
  11. Original name for Fire Island<sup>j</sup>; or the five great land masses.<sup>k</sup>
- a. Synonym.  
b. Possibility for metaphor.  
c. A play on the words.  
d. Colloquially, parasites passed on through sexual encounter.<sup>(1)</sup>  
e. Alternate meaning.<sup>(2)</sup>  
f. Perhaps an unnecessary complication.<sup>(3)</sup>  
g. Also understated but less eccentric.  
h. Although with the first alternative for "i", it would be both literal and redundant.  
i. Metaphor for the ocean<sup>(4)</sup>; the moisture which forms on the grass.  
j. In the 18th century, four inlets were charted, which cut Fire Island into "five islands", inlets in the meantime filled in by the sea.<sup>(5)</sup>  
k. Eurasia, the Americas, Africa, Australia, and Antarctica.
- (1) If the "bathers" are birds then the crabs become their prey.  
(2) If birds steal their wings.<sup>(A)</sup>  
(3) But "dogs", as pets, add possibilities.  
(4) Humorously intensifying "oceanic".  
(5) In support of the theory that "five" was mistranscribed "fire" (v. Fire Island Guide, 1966 edition, p. 9) by an inattentive cartographer.<sup>(B)</sup>
- (A) I.e. from the nature of existence.  
(B) Such mistakes were common.

3-9/70

7 Poems by Alan Ziegler

POEM STILLBORN

Father,  
I feel the strain  
on your heart  
    crippling my fingers  
    jamming the typewriter keys  
    ending this poem

ACCOUNT

the child  
defenseless, thrown against  
the wall with the impact  
of a full moon, repeated  
till repetition dulls  
the shock, leaving only  
familiar pain  
a voice grows dim  
then gone

somewhere a man wraps  
himself & metal  
around a tree, the broken  
glass imbedded in the skin  
like plastic flowers  
it is a lonely road  
and it will be hours

in Brooklyn, 60 Hassidic Jews  
leave the Old Testament  
to chase a mugger,  
a carload catching up  
& pinning him to a gas station  
tank-- they are ashamed they  
have had to lift their hands  
in anger, one says

touching her hair as she sleeps  
her breathing like a river  
he stares at the bathroom light  
unable to see the filament  
she stirs & turns  
he can't know  
if she is up

POEM WRITTEN BEFORE MIKE MCCORMICK  
WAS RELEASED BY THE YANKEES

"I don't want to  
hang on.  
But I guess everybody  
says that and then  
everybody  
hangs on.  
I live with the fear  
that every inning  
could be my last."

Mike McCormick (3/71)

Last night I  
unbuttoned your shirt  
like a painter once again  
retouching the portrait  
of a dear, dead friend

or like Mike McCormick  
walking to the mound.

WE ARE NEVER IN NORWAY

if only  
like Norway in summer  
the evening had not  
darkened the sky  
(this night of no moon)  
we could have sat  
like that for hours more  
watching the land  
surround the lake  
and each other

#### PLANNING ESCAPE

dumb broke ugly he  
got nothing to offer  
except damn good tree climber  
"hey, benjie, climb a tree  
for us," they used to shout  
but nobody's asked him lately  
so he sits alone on the stoop  
staring at the arms of the trees  
as they grasp upward  
toward the sky

#### WHAT'S BAD FOR ONE IS NOT NECESSARILY BAD FOR THE OTHER

Houseshaking rainstorm  
leaky roof  
wet bed

At least the plant  
gets to eat  
organic food

#### HOW TO MAKE A WATERMELON

for darlene & richard

take a bunch of water  
thread it with sugar  
till it holds together  
then paint it red  
& seal it in a heavy green bag

Alan Ziegler

Two Poems by Anders Svensson

BEAUTIFUL SLOW SONGS OF THE SOUL IN HOCK

I

A half eaten slice of watermelon,  
red beside the bowl of potato salad  
is attracting flies to the picnic table.  
So it is with you and me.  
When cicadas start up like a band in the trees  
a tide of pink juice overruns the bench.  
Two sticky lips eat her cheek  
and does anyone want a part of  
my barbecue beef?

II

Evening like a red plum  
my hands are sticky from eating them  
in the car going home.  
What a night to be in heat  
all the faggots are on the street.

III

Jacking off in the wilds  
under the wintry moon  
I climbed sand dunes covered with snow  
and watched the lake glistening cold  
like a sheet of raw steel.  
I howled like a jackal  
at the flesh of lovers  
twisted on the sand.



#### IV

Who saw my tears  
green islands in blue years  
the rocks in the garden  
by the pale leaves of the willow  
monks or peasants  
we leave standing there  
in the watery morning air.

#### DID YOU TRY?

Did you try  
to squeeze open her nipple  
and make a crimson flower from her pain?  
You did try---  
your yellow eyes conceal it  
but your fingernails are encrusted with brown.  
How horrible is beauty sometimes.

Anders Svensson

Three Works by Jim Ramholz

THE RISK

& finally, it  
comes back, always,  
to this : that

the things I am  
a part of  
have their own

insistence ; to  
change, & this  
the risk : the body,

every seven years again  
now, the physical  
acts of

feeling, of  
thinking the same things  
the same way,

all the  
pleasures of a love,  
all its permissions  
decided by the graces  
of certain chemistries,  
always different

SONGS FROM THE BAR

(3)

i-it's the  
liquor you say!

no,  
no it's  
not

what I said I  
meant, was  
in me be-  
fore we came  
here

liquor is not like  
alphabet soup, putting  
words  
into you

(5)

:sayings of bartender  
Bob White:

No matter where you go,  
there you are.

"

They can make it illegal,  
but they can't make it unpopular!

\*

And remember, if you ever need a buck...  
get a job.

Two Works by Dean Faulwell

MADNESS WHERE A WOLF

1

madness where a wolf  
swallows the disc.  
along the beach the women  
came and went like whores.  
and the sun slid  
wisely past a wave.  
need i say darkness  
and a peach were all i dared  
say when the pebble split?  
foam bit my ankles  
and made me think  
of friends. the day i  
discovered mary sitting  
on her whey. "why,"  
i asked, "don't you sit  
on a curd?" but she only  
heard the sea crashing  
and continued to play  
with her doilies. and then  
she turned to me and wept.

2

winter sat  
down on a tack  
and got up just as quickly.  
the cars zoomed  
past my window  
on their way.  
i flipped  
day into the toilet  
and lowered the handle.  
night came  
in the foam  
of clear water,  
swirling, swirling.  
but this was only a  
prelude and so i laughed  
before going out  
to buy a paper  
from the man  
whose stand was situated.

the women in the kitchen  
 makes pee, sneezes  
 in the cranky gutter.  
 a dog shits in the field  
 overhead. christ, the tiger  
 came wooding the garden  
 and all the ladies ran  
 screaming to their tea.  
 after such candor, what confusion  
 (i ask) can give subtle forgiveness?  
 they had not yet reached  
 conclusion when i entered  
 giggling and my father  
 tried to cut me with his teeth.  
 chilled, delirious, i kept my  
 sight and lost a membrane.  
 and took refuge in the milky  
 way of mother, withering  
 and wet, although the  
 weather wasn't humid.

in april she came  
 gobbling up their eyes.  
 suddenly i took to  
 blinking like hitler,  
 and entered stanford's  
 clinic for the last time.  
 what branches grow  
 in barren palo alto?  
 they took me to los angeles  
 where crickets relieve  
 themselves in the grass.  
 i can't tell you  
 what the fire said,  
 i said to mother,  
 who had asked.

still the wolf cries  
 for a doctor. roots  
 clutch and masturbate.  
 and mary begins to show  
 signs of aging in her eyes.  
 you cannot say, for you know  
 only that the sun flies  
 faster past the trees.  
 in the evening lengthening  
 shadows lie down in darkness.  
 although i had wanted  
 to show you something,  
 you were busy and the moon  
 slid giggling into winter.  
 and suddenly there was more  
 than enough snow to make a season.

#### THE FUNNY THING

for Ron Padgett

no, the funny thing is  
 he is reading the funnies.  
 he goes "ha, hai"  
 but one of the ha's  
 (the second one)  
 falls backward  
 into his throat  
 and he says "ah..."  
 mary worth  
 has just killed herself.

4 Poems by Andrei Codrescu

\*\*\*

go into the tarot room  
where all the cards sleep face down  
like white poppies  
on the butcher's block

rhymes

time is my  
enemy  
it is  
filled  
with  
dinners  
that  
make  
the little  
girls  
grow.  
if only  
the filling  
was  
snow

the

a  
reduction  
of  
language  
identi-  
fies  
the  
new  
man  
the  
bigger  
ears  
the  
open  
eyes

haiku

an air-  
plane is  
highjacked  
and  
a bank  
burns.  
the pride  
in  
my heart!

Andrei Codrescu



One Work by Donald Misonoff

Time Step

for Linda

1

x is ample

razzle dazzle

the star quality

regattas

ombudsmen

2

numbers are energized when "plugged into" equations.  
for example, grain is gathered and recorded in terms  
of bushels per acre. there is no such gleaming pro-  
cess available for the myriad points in the night sky

3

in "A Star Is Born," James Mason, described as "a shell  
of a man" despite Judy Garland's hand-beating whimpers,  
fortifies himself with the little pride he has left  
and walks into the sea, joining the fraternity of shells

4

it is no longer a tap dancing world. boys consider it  
too sissified and even the girls' piano-art-tap lesson  
structure is breaking down. but once, Bill "Bojangles"  
Robinson balled the jack down the wet sidewalk cement  
of NYC, so that brokers, barkeeps and secretaries alike  
could pick up a few steps on their way to work

5

shuffle ball change

6

he is thinking about the Dunlop tennis balls he bought  
this afternoon, approved by the USLTA for play on all  
surfaces. one of the pennies he received in change on  
his purchase was a 1909 SVDB in extremely fine condition  
which, as a numismatist, he appraised at twenty-five  
hundred cents, and as a tennis player, at over thirty-  
one tennis balls

7

Brahms double concerto for violin and cello. second movement. a young man walks down the boardwalk. he is wearing slightly baggy khaki pants and a white polo shirt with a tiny alligator over the left pectoral. he notices the way his Bert Carleton sandals lap the planks like the Atlantic against the sand and thinks how wonderful it is to bake in the sun all day while all the sensory energy is held in limbo and released with the first breeze at twilight. a girl is leaning with her arms against the steel rail, looking out. he thinks how marvelously her tan shorts contrast the white of her skin

8

Song to Hoyt Wilhelm

O old athlete  
how many hits are left in the meat of your bat  
how many goals in your educated toe

Hoyt Wilhelm  
you are the same age as my father  
yet you keep going  
how do you do it  
is it because the knuckle ball does not spin  
as it displaces space

9

words piling out of the ballpoint  
like cottonwood from the pod  
or 'greek' towheads from a phonebooth

10

John Henry drove piles. the artist's soul was inseparable from his artifact (ball peen hammer). thus, his hammer was the death of him (Mann). John Henry's love of and devotion to his profession is graphically related in a song (traditional)

11

where are the mantissa and abscissa, Lord,  
that we might realize standard  
and mean deviations

Donald Misonoff

Two Works by John Perreault

Poisoned

Poisoned beyond belief by your lack of belief  
you simulate the queer symptoms of rationality  
only to find too many windows have been broken  
and that the simulation is far too late.

I am not a victim of hindsight, yours or mine;  
I am, rather, a victim of intense foreplay  
and sit here at the top of a brand new ladder  
pretending I am awake, pretending to await.

I hunt for the special color, the odd odor,  
the sound or the tonality that tries to elude  
the networks of my math or weather  
and always evades the brunt of my ways.

Amidst bargains galore I hunt for word puzzles,  
peculiar belts, and drawings by unknown boys,  
teasing myself with layers of those pleasures  
that can't destroy the pleasures of those days.

It's Christmas again and again after the Easter  
or my birthday pangs, my growth of windows,  
and then the solstice or the equinox  
of the something. My dates are confused.

I am used to this. My days are out of order.  
I have always suffered from a fear of calendars.  
And when we attempt to walk across the waters,  
I am always the one who gets his ankles bruised.

### Clouds

The heart of the matter,  
is in the leaf of the templet.  
The leaf is dry.  
The meat of the leaf has a bone.

Overhead the clouds don't move.  
Why should they?

\* \* \*

Pen-poisoned and happy enough  
under this elm.  
Is it an elm?

Pulled the trigger then  
to kill the worm that eats  
my insurance policy.

\* \* \*

His symphony fell to pieces  
behind rows of modern furniture  
in trucks driven by men in knickers.

\* \* \*

Poetry is a bad habit.

\* \* \*

The madness that has over-taken  
our domesticity  
is in the form of a blue cloud.

Time was when time stood still,  
poised, as it were.

Now it slowly falls,  
digit by digit,  
into the footnotes of history.

\* \* \*

Leaves fall. Fall leaves  
a trace behind  
on my concealed forehead.

The ice. The window.  
And above all  
the odor of gloves.

\* \* \*

There's a fly in the ointment.  
It's you.

\* \* \*

I go through literature and cross out  
all the words I don't like.

First, words like "nightingale" and "swan."  
Then, words like "love" or "poetry."

"Love" or (?) "Poetry?"

I cross out all the adjectives and adverbs.  
I cross out all the nouns.  
I cross out all the verbs.

The articles, prepositions,  
and conjunctions are next.

\* \* \*

Tomorrow is another night,  
or is it?

Sliding down the ultramarine,  
opened my ears to  
unwholesomeness.  
We woke up and  
pushed the daydream over cliffs,  
causing  
a flood of geometry.

\* \* \*

- 1.) I'm sorry I'm pregnant.  
It's historical.
- 2.) There's a fly in the ointment.  
It's me.

\* \* \*

"Cloud" is a word filled with terror for me,  
for how can you measure a cloud?

\* \* \*

Getting to know you  
is like getting to know  
the inside of a clenched fist.

4 Works by John Cisciel  
  
from Lives of the Saints

WARREN G. HARDING

At the age of sixteen Warren received his first calling to do the handy work of God. The calling took the voice of a summer job. He was saving up for his presidential campaign, years away but just around the corner. The job paid 50¢ a day. Warren worked for a boot-leg map making company above the bakery on Jerusalem Street. His bosses were two Jews named Round and MacNailly. They ate kidneys and liver respectively. They were in the expositio business of copying maps from other companies and republishing them cheaper and in different colors. It was no two-bit operation. Warren had to copy long lists of towns and their populations. Towns like: Ulysseus, Kansas pop. 5,373; Paradox, Colorado pop. 0; Troutman, North Carolina pop. 649; Chosen, Florida pop. 3,789; West Mystic, Connecticut pop. 126; Trinity, Louisiana pop. 369; Trucker, California pop. 0. But Warren's sanctity does not rest on such small merit as this, his merit one could wear as a necktie. It takes the shape of a dog day in July. Flies dully slapping screen doors, that whole scene. Warren is eating a laminated cheese sandwich and drawing up a list on a donut box. The list looked like this:

Albion, Arkansas pop. 0  
Albion, California pop. 0  
Albion, Idaho pop. 415  
Albion, Illinois pop. 2,025  
Albion, Indiana pop. 1,325  
Albion, Iowa pop. 4,583  
Albion, Michigan pop. 12,789  
Albion, Nebraska pop. 1,982  
Albion, New York pop. 5,182  
Albion, Oklahoma pop. 161  
Albion, Pennsylvania pop. 1,630  
Now Albion, New York pop. 0

Warren took the list and lovingly folded it in his billfold. That Friday, he deposited the list along with \$3.00 in the First National Bank of Marion. Pronounced with a long "i", Albion. The list gets 3% interest.

Warren never took the list out. For all we know these towns of Albion are still gathering interest as sheep gather wool. In memory, the list should be put in the corner-stone of a new First National Bank of Warren G. Harding, with daily sacrifices performed over it. Plenary Indulgence.

## LIVES OF THE SAINTS

I think it's about time I tell you about sainthood. It's July 21, 1972, 10:31 in the morning and neither of us is getting any younger; know what I mean?

I imagine that you haven't come from the same place I have because I haven't seen your face before.

I know we have at least one thing in common. What we have in common brought you to this book and choreographed your eyeballs to this period.

That is something to build on.

Young Goodman Brown spent long hours of silence reflecting on what it was that made him take that specific walk through that specific forest at that specific time. It hurt him to think about it, but he did anyway.

This isn't going to be like that. But your being here has some of the dimensions of Young Goodman Brown's walk. Follow me?

Goodman Brown is a saint and he went through a lot of pain doesn't mean that you reading this will have to go through the same pain. We don't have that much in common.

I hope you can laugh at everything I say to you.

It would be marvelous if you could laugh at everything you or anyone ever said or did. You'd be a saint. Get the picture?

### Amleto Rambelli

Milan: Amleto Rambelli, 31-year-old bookkeeper, brooded over the woes of unrequited love. Entering a restaurant, he ordered a table for seven. He commanded all the carrots, celery, lettuce, mayonnaise, and gelatine in the place. Then he spread the vegetables on the table and over them poured the mayonnaise and gelatine. Finally, he stretched himself on the table, smeared his face with mayonnaise and directed: "When my guests arrive, please carve me with care, as if I were a roast chicken."

### Onocrotalus

Nothing is known about the life of Onocrotalus except at an early age he went off to live with the pelicans.

John Cieciel

Three Weeks by Larry Zislin

as good as

The collected poems collected &  
the secret journals in the  
magazines  
swallow prepares them

a hand floats  
toward me  
moving away

i reach to grasp  
it turn it into a  
handshake, firm

but i am already midwest  
& the hand moves across the harbor  
out  
to london

from Jersey Catastrophe

turnpike & night

we're all in the back  
of the darkened bus---  
turnpike & night.

ad peers out on the swamps

then  
leans his forehead on the  
torn-up bus seat  
the rays from the  
square light above  
spread onto the  
twirls on the back  
of his neck

a bandit garbage truck dumps  
next to a jackknifed tractortrailer

ad squeezes the seat  
squeezes until i think  
he'll go thru it

raises his head  
gazes out on the swamps of jersey  
for sale for sale this junkyard for sale  
runs his finger along his lip  
i can't see the cat crackers  
burning the sky.



on a dock

we are sitting  
alone in new jersey

you have no man to love you  
i have no woman to love me

& when we turn to ourselves  
it's just as bad

because i love no woman  
& you love no man

& if i throw a stone into the water  
you'll listen to it plop

& if the sky above the outerbridge crossing crashes  
down on you i can walk away

you want to say something to me  
like "my cervair won't start"

& i am probably willing to  
hear it there's this bar

the floor wooden dust & grey  
the bartender fat

the humidity seeps thru the half opened door  
you tug at your bra.

Larry Zirlin

One Poem by Alice Motley

SHOES THRU THE AGES

"Shoes for Protection" one of the arts of which  
there is human knowledge  
They were necessary to protect his feet.  
Arctic ice and stoney paths  
how beautiful are thy feet with shoes O  
dainty glass, and the much larger boot that housed The Old Woman  
We tie them to the "Just Married" sign as a sign  
of good luck. Right left.

We've come a long way to the present day. He is assumed to  
lie in one of the later intervals of the Ice Age. And I  
Examples of the woven types are plaited espadrilles  
Wool is worn in the low countries  
Egyptian footwear designed to enhance, rather than obscure  
the lines of the body.  
The Assyrians wore a flashy lot. A man likes touches  
of gold on his sandals.  
Heel and tongue, we went further.

Sometimes there was a sort of a heel  
to keep his foot from the burning sands. Or accepted a  
Median style slit  
at the instep fitted with a tongue.  
Strap shoe, the strap passed around. Or both laced and  
with fur tongues. Shoes with soft uppers for men.

Helen of Troy a style leader in her day laid  
aside the peaked shoe she'd worn in the East.  
The Romans copied their footwear from Greece.  
Badges of rank, he didn't have to look above the ankles to tell a  
noble or a common person, or a woman or a wrist or  
slaves who did not wear shoes at all. Sometimes I'd  
stud the soles of my sandals with emeralds and diamonds  
like the Emperor Nero.

Dark Ages for Shoes.

The clergy have taken their coverings seriously  
The men are presenting their sandals to the Pope, the women  
are obscuring their bodies much as one can't.  
Christianity gave us Saint Crispin, the patron saint of shoemakers  
who stole  
leather from the rich to make shoes for the poor and was  
martyred with his brother, October 25th is in their honor.

The Gothic peak, the Crackow, the Crank up prick. His long pointed toe became longer and longer, bells and pompoms attached to the peak requiring a thin chain connected to my knees. A gentleman of means. I don't want it. All toe and a yard long (I want it), the English Parliament found it necessary to legislate against it banning shoes with toes or "backs" more than two inches beyond the toe.

#### The Square Toe.

Local Beau Brummels were paddling around in shoes with a nine-inch toe spread and colored linings. The Queen heightened the heels of hers. Women from other countries cried "How horrible", rushed out to get him. One practical joker crept up to a gentleman unobserved and nailed the toe of his shoe to the floor. Such a one go I.

Square toe shoes were followed by pointed and pointed by square. Women made walking almost impossible. One concludes they didn't want to who were well informed and could afford diamonds. The French Revolution put a stop to all this. Then it started. It was a good way to have your head cut off, Era of the common me the common he

After being tanned the leather goes to the Cutting Room the uppers as well as the soles are either cut by hand or machines, linings are cut the same way. The uppers are sent to the Fitting Room, sewed together buckles, eyelets, hooks, appliques, trimmings feminine, applied Uppers then hung in a vapor-filled room their moisture content is increased to make them more pliable, they together with the insoles and the lasts are sent to the Stock Fitting room all meeting at a given point and time in that room, then the Bottoming Room for fastenating, the Making Room where heels are attached, trimming off, edges smoothed down and inked or stained to the desired . . . . We may boil or eat them during a Chinese famine, discard them for Abyssinian donkeys to wear, trade them for rum axes gunpowder (only in 20th century America), when struck by lightning please bury them that my health be restored, and yet this same by him by me.

Alice Notley

## 2 Poems by Harry Greenberg

### Longevity Quarter

he told me he sleeps once a year  
in Penn Station. i told him that's  
nothing like sleeping in the Port  
Authority. in the Authority to make  
it through the night you have to  
have pockets full of quarters for  
the people who need another quarter  
to get back to Connecticut.

two seconds after i say this a man  
jumps on the escalator with us to  
ask for a quarter. with his fist  
clenched on nothing he twists and  
walks back up the escalator not  
getting anywhere;

i'm amazed.  
it's like Dale Carnegie saying,  
"i'll supply you with a full scholarship if you  
don't use a semicolon after 'not getting anywhere'  
here use this human period instead."

### The Continuing Saga of the Samson Paper Bag Factory

Today I wounded my right hand,  
but i kept loading the packing machine with "We Care" A&P bags.  
As my blood dripped on the bags an inspector came around and  
asked me to be a little neater.  
I told the inspector I was sorry and from now on I was going  
to wipe the blood on my skirt.  
A bald headed man came over later and told me my machine wasn't  
running fast enough. He turned a switch to make it go faster.  
I showed him my red skirt which had been white when I came to  
work. He called me a trouper.

Today I cut off my right hand,  
but kept loading the packing machine with "We Care" A&P bags.  
I would pay a day's wages to see the expression on the A&P  
customer who opens up the "We Care" bag and finds my right hand.  
I hope the customer isn't buying pigs' feet at the time.

Harry Greenberg

One Poem by Douglas Macdonald

MEMORY

for Michiel

It is always late afternoon  
when the mirror recovers  
the light of the room as it darkens  
secrets slide from the curtains  
a couch releases the gold from its cloth  
trophies spill their silver on the air  
as the mirror captures the light  
and unlocks it in spirals

Deep in the glass  
you have ridden all day and returned  
a hand sifting the mane of your pony  
you are calling my name  
or the name of your father  
the wet pasture aches with the sound  
from your house on the hill but  
the roots of the trees are hidden  
yes, if you looked you could see;  
if you could see but you could not  
the print fails the white fences  
stables grow empty as footprints  
the mailbox asleep at the end of the drive  
will lean on its post  
and tumble down miles of road  
to sit on the graves like a tombstone

Nothing is perfect or imperfect  
the stairs will always lead to your room  
and banisters float their mahogany ghosts  
as you rise or descend  
as we climb or fall  
down hallways torn by the hands of portraits  
lost faces press on our windows  
and die

The dogs have fled from the porches  
the light has been loosened

Douglas Macdonald

4 Works by John Guzlowski

The Last Cowboy's Last Dream

In an all night bar on the road  
from Bakersfield to Guthrie,  
drinking glasses of rye  
and listening to a juke-box  
that only plays Gene Autrey,  
I wait for Wild Bill  
to call.  
He'll come.  
Mounted on a pinto,  
he'll come,  
waving his stetson above his head,  
unloading his six-gun into the sky,  
and shouting, "The cayuses have busted  
loose from the Dutchman's corral, old fellow.  
So come a-runnin'. Come a-runnin'."

A Letter to My Mother Whom I Haven't Seen in Three Years

In the kitchen  
someone shoots his veins hollow  
with speed  
and I have lost the secret of flying kites, mom.  
I have lost the secret of flying  
kites.

The Death of Erich von Stroheim

He died in the supermarket  
an unpaid for razor  
blade caught  
in the cartilage of his trachea  
blood filling the spaces  
between the cartons of Swanson  
TV dinners  
and freezing

from "Mayakovsky's Pistol"

The revolver has six chambers.  
The first is filled  
with insects  
taken from the eyes  
of a dead man.  
The other chambers  
are empty.

John Guzlowski

# AN INTERVIEW WITH RON PADGETT

by Ted Berrigan

TIME: 2 a. m.

PLACE: The rather elegant apartment of Ron Padgett on West 88th Street in NYC. Padgett appeared friendly but detached. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he had been working all day at the 8th Street Bookstop, but more likely it was because he had just finished lunch. The slow deliberate manner of his responses put one in mind of a man choosing between a piece of salami and a slice of ham. The overall impression he gave was one of casual elegance and quiet grace, with little self-effacement, but no flaunting of the personality, either. But there was occasionally a sharp edge to his voice, as if he was attempting to deliberately offset his veneer of New York blandness. His most recent work is a novel, *Motor Maids Cross the Continent*.

TB: What's your favorite work by you?

RP: The one I wrote once about little toes protruding from under the sheets. Remember that?

TB: Oh yes, that was in SEVENTEEN.

RP: Yep. They don't write em like that anymore.

TB: Would you comment on your use of baseball in your work?

RP: I never chose baseball because it was a particularly American tradition but because it appealed to me as a subject matter. I played it a lot when I was a kid.

TB: And are you still writing original poetry?

RP: I haven't written for some time.

TB: Alfred Kazin says that you cribbed substantial portions of your poetry from Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Why?

RP: I don't know. That's absurd anyway. Kazin is 20 years younger than I am, and he seems to have a Trotskyite political bias against me, though I can't for god's sake imagine why!

TB: What do you do in your spare time?

RP: Oh, I listen to Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson, read Proust and Emily Dickinson. I read a lot in the bathroom



TB: What do you think about fictionalized books about jazz, like HORN by Clellon Holmes or YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN by Dorothy Baker?

RP: Well, they weren't there. There hasn't been a book so far that tells what it's like.

TB: Does it bother you that Aldous Huxley is in a position to spit on you?

RP: I haven't even thought of Huxley, but now that you mention it, No.

TB: Do you write poetry?

RP: Yes, but not for publication. I'm afraid it's pretty bad.

TB: Now, about your work habits. What are they?

RP: Ideally I like to work early in the morning. I get up early, go for a swim, have breakfast, and go to work. I can work at any hour of the day...but I hate procrastination. Get it?

TB: No. Have you read A MOVEABLE FEAST? How'd you like it?

RP: Yes. He seemed to have a revival of talent, didn't he? I think the public buys him because of stricken conscience.

TB: Very interesting. Could you say a few words about Brecht?

RP: Not at all. I've been hearing a lot about him lately. Bob-bey Darin sings that song, you know, and the Brecht family, well, I doubt if they'd like what I say about Brecht. I do like Beckett, tho, and Brecht's name always makes me think of Beckett, phonetic similarity, etc. haw haw haw.

TB: Cool it. Now, how about Studs Lonigan as influence?

RP: Certainly so. Though I mostly work from (and on) my own life.

TB: Yes, and IN it, too. But tell me, are you going to move out of NY City?

RP: Eventually yes. But I've just painted my bedroom so how can I?

TB: You've got a point. Who are your favorite J'Alai players?

RP: Piston and Guillermo.

TB: Mine also! What effect has being a Southerner had on your work?

RP: Well, since I was born there, I really don't know.

TB: Aha. Now, Ron, tell me, do your poems intend to relate to any practical programs that might implement the values you hold?

RP: In a more specific way, I would see the 'values' I hold as potentially to be implemented by a program roughly of the following sort: in politics, a shift to some type of anarcho-syndalism, communism, in the original sense of the word; an economy on a social-credit basis; total integration of all the races with lots of intermarriage etc.; total freedom of non-addictive drug use; total sexual freedom on the principle of mutual consent (which I am for); and cultivation of all disciplines and practices which open the mind, such as 'fill-in-the-blanks', cutting up, etc., i.e. expanded awareness and increased self-knowledge. And to know self, one must cultivate "other," if you get me there Dwight? Do you? Eventually, as my wife tells me every minute, we must shift over to a matrilineal society, with free form marriage, polygamy, polyandry, sodomy, and all that jazz.

TB: Yes of course. What about Death?

RP: It's a gimmick. The time birth death gimmick. Can't go on much longer, too many people are wising up.

TB: Oh. What advice do you have for poets?

RP: Tell the truth once and for all and then shut up forever.

TB: What do you think about the work of John Ashbery?

RP: Are you kidding?

TB: Well, yes I guess I am. Well, what about your work? What next?

RP: I'm now working on a novel which will combine the autobiography form, you know, the 3 volume autobiography, like Byron by Maurois, etc., with the 'fill-in-the-blanks' form. I can't tell you too much about it right now, but I can tell you that amazing similarities and also amazing differences between respective peoples will be seen for the first time. Also, I'm using a metric form based on morse code, so that certain subtleties will be available only to those readers really interested. Get it? And now, I must be off, I'm seeing my astrologer at dawn in Bishops, I mean Bickfords, for breakfast. We're plotting out Henry Miller's horoscope for my other new work, about which I am not free to converse. Bye.

TB: Bye. (Leaves)

THE END

Interview with Ron Padgett (Continued)

NEXT DAY (Back at Padgett's Apt., over martinis, 3 p.m.)

TB: Well, Ron, to pick up where we left off yesterday, let me ask you this: how do you make a living, I mean since poetry pays so little?

RP: I have some stocks, carefully selected and purchased with a little money I inherited a few years ago. They pay me a regular dividend that takes care of my basic expenses, and it goes up all the time, too.

TB: Really? What is this remarkable stock?

RP: Xerox.

TB: I should have known. Well, how about marriage, does it influence your work?

RP: Definitely. You yourself have compared me to Paul Eluard. As a matter of fact, I remember when I got married many of my friends who had been waiting for me to turn homosexual were bitterly disappointed, frustrated and considered that by their mythos of what an artist was, I was completely through, if you get what I mean there, Dwight.

TB: No, I'm not sure that I do.

RP: (disgustedly) Forget it.

TB: (puzzled) But...(shrugs) ok. What about those "friends"? Where are they now?

RP: (bitterly) Gone. I don't have any.

TB: None at all?

RP: None. Only enemies. But I have slaves. I put handcuffs on them--I make them wear them all day. In restaurants they try to eat and people become very angry. Also, I make them run up and down the stairs to see if the mail has come. But I don't want to discuss it.

TB: OK. Well, then, about audiences. Who do you address yourself to?

RP: To those I love.

TB: Who are?

RP: Everybody.

TB: Oh? (Raises eyebrows). Now, Ron, do you feel, as some critics have suggested, that your poetry lacks visual excitement?

RP: Certainly not. If visual excitement is lacking I have failed. Everything else is simply in for kicks. To prove this, close your eyes and imagine any one of my poems. See? Without visual excitement, nothing.

TB: What about jolts and rhythms?

RP: Those are important too, of course, but the visual is the meat.

TB: What is your relationship with Ezra Pound?

RP: None.

TB: None?

RP: None. Never met him, don't read him, can't imagine him.

TB: To what, then, do you attribute your good eye?

RP: Rifle shooting. Fortunately I am not known as the Annie Oakley of the avant-garde, but I have been shooting cans and clay pigeons from way back and attribute my unerring eye to this. Ezra Pound had nothing to do with it.

TB: Nothing?

RP: Nothing.

TB: Any children?

RP: None!

TB: What do you mean?

RP: I am a virgin. It is essential. I don't want to discuss it.

TB: Do you like to be rejected?

RP: Yes. It is an imitation of life.

TB: Oh. Well, will you make a final statement on poetry to close the interview?

RP: Certainly so. First, I had some sense of a center radiating out, then I became more concerned with the rays. You get me? It is where I move out that is where I take the strongest and most direct action. It is in reaching through the power of all that love towards first of all my wife and she towards me and somewhere those patterns meet and that is the poem. It is an action poem, a poem about breakfast, or actually dinner would be more accurate if you get me there, kid. The most clarity I've had on that is in MOLLOY by Samuel Beckett. Read it.

THE END













Two Works by Bob Rosenthal

MOMENTARILY

I.

my hand turns to the waste      flies up  
                                 a disturbed wood animal  
this dance      has gone on long      before zookeepers  
                         and the other clumsy animals  
who return home      thinking there is  
a home      where they are not      and in their own time  
                         we are trying to unzip      the sky  
                         taut blue jacket      puffed out by the wind  
we say we're stuck      and face ourselves with our ears  
   covered  
by our hands      succeeding only in holding      the noise within us  
                         the howl scurries across the range      gathering a highway in its wake      bouncing  
off the atmosphere      an echo      is something else  
                         half the original      until two  
                         echoes join song      and we feel the pain  
less like death than the sound      in between  
                         the heart of the land pumps      inside out  
                         out inside      at times we can see  
a zipper opening      as in a stupor or an  
episode      the hand cannot move      in the distance  
                         if afraid to draw on the power of lights  
                         things dim      and return  
                         the air separated      one wonders while  
passing through      if it is the whole body  
                         or a fragment that has always existed here  
                         hitting the ground      dizzy

shapes slowly reappear                      as they were before  
 but you know them better  
 only                      hoping for someone to talk to  
                                  before the language creeps back  
 out of the bed                      I pull my hand  
                                  finding its discoveries                      unable to justify its  
 shape                      for a moment                      a diving duck  
                                  mouthful of fish                      flew off with a  
                                  into the reflection of my face                      dropping back  
                                  that allowed the ranges                      on the land  
                                  to flow out  
 and leave their shadows and imprints  
                                  behind                      so real one cannot get confused  
 and ahead                      in the next moment  
                                  body                      there is a  
 moving in itself  
                                  with pleasure

## II.

### THE STORY OF ONE

of course the question from the beginning was  
 not of one wanting to succeed in anything other  
 than what we grant household appliances everyday -  
 one form of turning on is like any other dis-  
 tinctions here are valid and should be ignored  
 as an accepted parameter built truly against  
 an infinity of bricks and mortar but no such  
 parameter exists except that one is fallible  
 and capable of saying that everything has motion  
 and hearing the echo yes but what are they be-  
 coming? without being a part of its formulation  
 and with the episode in his ears one attempts

its answer if one says only themselves then aren't they also unbecoming themselves or did one mean that the objects were becoming them people lots of trouble is started this way when one can see his body as an end or a roundhouse to all the other ways unless one is the echo and not the examiner (as we had assumed) then one is becoming them also but since one can be neither one nor the other he got the quaser feeling that he could not exist but one still has motion and is rekindled by the contradiction of feeling without existence one jumps through the air like a flame finding his revenue in the image of himself a metaphor for one's self in effect one thought he was the perfect machine for his functions when they required an appearance so that half of one's time is spent unbecoming one's self the other half is naturally concerned with reestablishing the metaphor the pain one feels is caused by time's refusal to be linear one knows that he is not god because one could separate night from day and one wonders if god knows that he is god of course the question from the beginning was not of one wanting to succeed in anything other than what we grant household appliances everyday

\*\*

\*\*

\*\*

#### BIG BEAVER

for Bob Wills

he puts his foot  
onto the road it kicks a stone  
but he goes further  
like your best girl  
we all stand up  
when the crowd scene  
                  gets to be too much  
he steps out  
                  telling us what to do  
turn on the lights  
so we can ride my Honda tonight  
into San Antone for a moonlite  
walk near the Alamo  
then meet him at the drive-in  
where he leaves his love  
                  between your knees

Bob Rosenthal

2 Poems by George Mattingly

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP

A train leaves me looking  
at me in the window,  
lost in how many things I was going to do  
& how many others I found to do since.

The word love means how my mouth feels saying it,  
the speed at which I notice  
all the things that are you

GOODBYE SONNET

Outside cool July half an hour from morning  
Charlie sends love from Salt Lake /  
Aretha Franklin fills the room  
& distant tracksounds give life a constant disguise....  
Smoke occurs to the plant by the clock;  
It's a thought / Smoke / to the plant / are my thoughts  
that real? Orange drink, for instance, results from  
the planter's affection for sharkskin, a few oranges  
& lots of chemicals, which have thoughts of their own.  
Payola sinks silk teeth into the news.  
Ladies in clam fur come all over the sports.  
I dream I am dreaming but everything's real,  
the snow on TV, & the pictures of you left in me  
though maybe the real you's got your thumb out by now  
in the hamburger storms that drunch America  
with identical details.

George Mattingly

Three Works by Peter Kostakis

PORT OF CALL

after Roger Vitrac

This sequence of events repeats infinitely.

\* \* \*

the lids of the moon are torn off

the bed rings in his face like a telephone

\* \* \*

Insomniac as the moon, a sailor enters the room bent on restoring vaudeville. His attempt to dial a nonexistent number meets with success. Still the young woman who boards here turns out to be less delicate than appearances have led him to believe. The horny tail of an armadillo falls from her buttocks like a detective. At this sign the sailor avers his fidelity to a particular brand of cigarettes.

\* \* \*

grail of the harbor abides in a thigh

a calling card left for him by the sky

\* \* \*

The charwoman trudges in, opening a window to air the room. Mirrors break then catch fire as they hit the floor. Before she can tidy up, the sailor begins to play the cello with her broom. He remembers in his song blood of a laborer in Tunis, the white arc of a woman's flesh. Bored, the music stand gets up and walks away, as the sailor's anger increases with the fortitude of a stone. A herd of sheep enters from the fire escape.

\* \* \*

the sun displays a curly head

the sky leaves its calling card

\* \* \*

## WHITE PINE

The bed yells with lice. I note Billy Budd  
and the enfant terrible are worst among the call-  
mates. Guards use the sockets of my eyes to drink  
milk with. I want to step out of these fetid  
bedclothes and walk into the morning waist high  
in lilies.

## from BLUES

### 1

sleep makes one point of day  
geometry hauled across the cheek  
and back again blows its arches of plain evidence  
gaily allegro falls over the face  
like hay  
fountains retire for the day  
cash in their blue for better things  
but we must forget about this through the lens  
the lull does not appear  
solid  
at each of its thousand points there is a shock  
and the times we feel it  
disagreeably  
on the kisser  
but we must forget about this  
we have to grow used to pains and their potential  
a switchboard to light up everything  
in the body guided by alert hands  
severely mental substance  
they are locked by shadow  
and so stand still  
buildings tied in knots to be used when the proper moment  
comes along devoted to our crying  
sleep is the wisest investment on desolate beds  
upside down fountains  
the fish heads vary in size  
dreaming their freight of textbooks they charm the razor  
in its tracks  
sleep the impromptu hair  
cupped by a gentle wind of the letter carrier  
arriving and departing  
these movements are invisible  
like the reed family of the orchestra  
or philosophy in an earnest mind

### 2

a not particularly beautiful woman  
as the night rolls  
tobacco into cloud as the revolver discharges  
its laughter





One Word by Paul Eluard

"Paroles Peintées" was translated by Michael Benedikt and should appear in his anthology for Little-Brown next year. Originally the poem appeared in Cours Naturel (Segismund, 1934) by Paul Eluard. Michael Benedikt's most recent book is Mole Notes.

PAINTED WORDS

for Pablo Picasso

To understand everything

Even

The tree with the eye of a grow

The tree beloved of lizards and linnas

Even the blazing fire even the blind man

To unite wing and dew

Heart and cloud day and night

Window and landscape of everywhere

To abolish

The sneer of zero

Which tomorrow shall roll on gold

To sever

The petty proprieties

Of giants fed only on themselves

To see all eyes reflected

In all eyes

To see that all eyes are as beautiful

As what they are able to see

An absorbent sea

So that we may laugh lightly

About having been hot at having felt cold

About having been hungry and thirsty

So that speaking  
May be generous  
As kissing

To merge bather and river  
Crystal and dancer of the storm  
Dawn and the bosom's season  
Desire and the proverbs of childhood

To give to woman  
Meditative and private  
The precise shape of the caresses  
Of which she has been dreaming

So that deserts may fall into shadow  
Instead of establishing sites  
In my own  
Shadow

To give  
My own  
Good

To give  
My own  
Right

translated by Michael Benedikt

One Poem by Barry Schechter

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

Uninvited, he's arrived for dinner.  
His eating habits belie  
his dinner jacket and gloves, adorning them  
with the colorful splashes of action painting.

"Try table talk," suggests a guest.  
"They can't stand it."

"They say overweight people  
have a thin person inside;  
therefore I am  
encased in an invisible fat man,"

I say; "a false syllogism, of course." He blanches.  
"Try courtesy," suggests a guest. "They can't stand it."

"Welcome to my table! Feel free to  
stuff asparagus in your ears --- is  
my chatter annoying you? -- or hurl  
that salad bowl out the window, it's perfectly alright;

publicity, after all,  
is the lifeblood of the dead."

He's in the back yard now, sulking  
among the lawn furniture.  
"Stand on the front lawn," I'm  
tempted to yell from the window, "you'd be

much more tasteful than a Negro jockey."  
But one must, after all, show courtesy for the departed.

I'm awakened by a snuffling sound.  
In the lamplight he's eating  
The Courage to Be, by Paul Tillich.  
"Feel free to eat my books," I say,

"for the dead must subsist  
on the speculations of the living.

You work so hard  
to capture our imagination!  
Without your capes and tambourines, you'd go as  
unnoticed as my invisible fat man. Leaving already?

Well, take Being and Nothingness.  
It'll tide you over till breakfast."

Barry Schechter

Two Poems by Rochelle Kraut

The Bedroom

I

the audience is faded out  
by the rubbing of your eyelashes  
a confusion of lips  
getting caught on each other  
disembodied  
if you had to arrange them vertically  
order on top  
swirls on bottom  
stars change into lips  
from horizontal to diagonal  
to circles  
one point is left out  
it is not the moon  
from the stars to the lips is  
the valentine suspended  
an angel  
an angel fits  
with stars and lips  
the angel's afterbirth  
stars and lips  
birds track  
they are crows' feet  
touching of Don Juan  
when he took mescaline  
he would turn into a crow  
crows see black as white  
white as black  
at night the crows would see the sky  
and would get lost in the white  
maybe this is the entry into the sky?  
your moment of idea failed  
all is one      Parmenides  
you do that so well  
and she isn't looking at the stars  
she's astral projecting  
well all things are one  
because the stars  
their points define a circle  
have you ever come to the horizon  
just as the music ends?  
the sun and moon give off light  
and also sound  
imagine the symphony  
the plants hear the symphony  
that's how they know to close their petals  
wolves howl at night  
they identify with the stars  
and so do the crows  
you don't have to go to the passport office now

## II

what does Modigliani do for you?  
I think I'm going to talk about it  
balanced like blue and purple  
but non-symmetrical  
a Mandinsky  
with dance shoes he hasn't bought yet  
mushrooms thrown in incidentally  
he's a tree that gives off the sound  
that the sun listens to before it sets  
the girl with the blue on her forehead  
very striking  
thinking about her forehead  
it fell off  
legs cut off in the right place

with Bob Rosenthal  
and Gary Smith

## SUPERIOR DISTRIBUTIONS

the colors of his part  
his waist of sexuality

\*

covered up to the head  
\$25 and not all color

\*

wires become a woven eye  
he can't see

\*

his voice is vertical  
opposed to the wires

\*

sorry she thinks  
she needs a permanent

\*

suction cup  
yeah at the knee

\*

a cardinal back and front  
looks like a bullet

\*

one nostril  
is all she needs

with Bob Rosenthal  
and Gary Smith

Rochelle Kraut

One Work by Steve Toth

TRAVELING LIGHT

"Got no bags or baggage to slow me down  
I'm traveling so fast my feet ain't touching the ground"  
--Herman's Hermits

Feeling like a million bucks  
bounding between the horns  
of Babe the Blue Ox.  
Their hearts beat  
the hammer to the anvil.  
Blazing a trail  
through the river  
& lighting the cup  
on top of the pole.  
The hound catches the scent.  
The bright cows have been stolen  
& the snow makes us think  
that there's nothing to look at;  
but morning comes  
like the ball of fire  
that the dog gets at night  
or the old story  
that the icebergs tell  
while working as ball towers  
when I go by.

Steve Toth

Two Works by Steve Toth and George Mattingly

INSTEAD OF ANYTHING ELSE

I came in  
but your lips were no stranger.

The water closing over them  
leaves itself out of your eyes:

they go on  
without spreading

& the moon strains  
the museum

& instead of anything else  
breath piles up

like cars that can't fall on us  
when our clothes fall on the floor.

LONG BUT NOT HARD

Gales leave the picture  
in the screen door  
near the end of the spring  
from which we draw. With a close eye  
you can see no lines, only the lip's  
departments closing in. Once inside,  
there's no limit.

To get back to a moment's garage  
you turn the pages into a funnel  
through which years of small talk  
move the tress. Listening long  
but not hard, the weather suits your  
clothes, since you don't get up  
till you're tired of laying down.

Steve Toth and George Mattingly



## 2 Works by John Rasek

### Desire

I cruise in my car looking for your garage door  
but still it is not open, no, still  
you are not home

---

I sit next to you in class  
I sit on the floor  
I notice your nylons and I pretend  
I am on the run

---

I wait outside in the alley by your apartment  
in the shadows I think of opening lines

---

you cause me to write half-assed poems  
knowing I will dedicate them to someone else

---

you call from Colorado, and suddenly  
it is this time  
last year

---

you send me out to score cocaine for you  
and I do it in a big way

---

some Gazelles

### Fleshwound

it's okay, it winged me

### Ocean

a scar I bring with me from a previous life

### Bodyheat

suddenly the skin remembers its ancestors grew wings

Restless

some of this, some of that

Distance

a book falls from the hands of the orderly

Origin

each night, the same

Perimeter

the singer stops on the foothills, and looks out  
towards China

Obstinate

I listen to the names of the words I have just learned

from Part I: "Jane", Land: a Journal

Jane and I Spend a Week in Edgartown

All day we walk on the beaches and try to blend in.  
By the second day we are doing pretty good, but  
there's something about our edges that just doesn't  
fit anywhere. We will have to work on that.

But the most amazing thing was when we were going to  
bed, and we had decided to make love and we figured  
we would be alone. But we were wrong. We had brought  
all our friends with us. After awhile they were not  
so obvious.

John Rozek

# KINKS KONTEST

With this issue, The Mill Quarterly proudly announces a Kinks Kontest. Write a word about them if you want to enter. All worthy entries will be published in #3 of the magazine. Contingent on the quality of the entries and endurance of the editors, the first prize for one lucky winner will be a Kinks album, from which the editors politely disqualify themselves, to listen to "Lola" perhaps, or "Australia." How about you? Here's some poems to get you started and show you what you're up against:

Conversation between Ray Davies and Ron Padgett  
on a flight from Glasgow to Reykjavik, September 1970

Ron: You wouldn't by any chance be the great Ray Davies, would you?

Ray: I would.

Ron: I saw a terrific concert of yours last year, on a program with Benzo Dog.

Ray: At the Fillmore in New York?

Ron: Yeah. By the way, what on earth are you going to Reykjavik for?

Ray: I might ask you the same question. (Laughs.)

Ron: You might. (Laughs.)

Ray: We're doing a concert tonight...

Ron: In Reykjavik?

Ray: No, in the other town... I've forgotten the name.

Ron: Well I'll find out and come for sure.

Ray: Please do.

Ron Padgett

KINKS

I saw Ray Davies in a dream  
and I told him everything  
I had ever thought about him  
and his music and how I had felt  
every time I had heard it

It was incredible  
He grabbed his head  
He couldn't believe it!

Ron Padgett

(used with permission, reprinted  
from Rolling Stone & Strange  
Faece)

Kinks Konsciousness

Ray,  
the stereo is broken  
you can't visit now  
but it's allright--

your entire discography  
endlessly repeats  
in the eight track studio  
of my head.

Richard Friedman

EVERY TIME I GET AN ERECTION  
I FORGET ABOUT  
the kinks

Bob Rosenthal

kinks  
the missing links

-----  
r\_\_\_\_\_s  
ra\_\_\_\_\_es  
ray\_\_\_\_\_ies  
ray\_\_\_\_\_vies  
ray\_\_\_\_\_avies  
ray\_\_\_\_\_Davies  
-----

Darlens Pearlstein

Philharmonia

Ray Davies is singing

"Party Line"

in my head

when he is interrupted by Mitch Ryder and

The Detroit Wheels

cooking with gas

& "Devil With The Blue Dress On"

"Get out of here you fucking Wheels!"

yells Davies

"I've got enough trouble remembering the damn words"

Watch your language, Ray

Whose head do you think this is?

Donald Nisonoff

## THE KINKS (1)

We're driving to Peking with nightingales  
in our hair. "Let's toss feathers to see if we  
can hit the soldiers!" Their armor is splendid  
and unpiercable: we'd better hurry up.

## SKIN AND BONES (2)

What are those plaques doing on the wall?

I Drink a Gallon of Mother's Milk a Day...

From 5000 Miles Away,

and

I've Never Worked a Day in My Life...

Yet I'm Richer Than You Are!

Who could have put all these mirrors in your  
living room? And the massive pair of baby  
shoes on the carpet, reflected blindingly in  
the mirrors: who's responsible for that?  
The coffee table acts as truss for the largest  
one, held at a funny angle like the gesture  
of drinking whisky out of a bottle in a  
paper bag.

Peter Kostakis

[(1) reprinted from Rolling Stone]

I'm on an Island

Do not try to adopt me  
I am not a pigmy soothed  
Boy or baby hitchhiker saint

What is wrong suddenly  
Is that I swallow a cold  
Blast of air, I mean fright

Spill coffee on my book  
And hear the kinks  
In the great universe

The warp in the coffin  
Phantom men fly out of  
Anywhere in this world

Tom Clark

(used with permission, reprinted  
from Stones Harper & Row)

# DISCOGRAPHY

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Kinks-Side (Reprise 6158); March, 1965  
Kinda Kinks (Reprise 6173); September, 1965  
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## MAGAZINES RECEIVED

BIG SKY 3  
 BOX 272, Bolinas, Ca. 95969  
 CHICAGO 4 & 5  
 911 W. Diversey, Chicago 60614  
 GUM 8  
 BOX 585, Iowa City, Ia. 52240  
 MATCHBOOK A  
 (c/o Al Buck) BOX 304, Iowa City, Ia. 52240  
 OINK 3  
 (c/o Dean Paulwell) 438 W. Belden Apt. 5  
 Chicago 60614  
 SEARCH FOR TOMORROW 4 & 5  
 BOX 1189, Iowa City, Ia. 52240  
 SOME #1  
 (c/o Phillipps) 311 W. 91st St. Apt. 4  
 NYC 10024  
 STONE WIND 4  
 3307 W. Bryn Mawr, Chicago 60625  
 TELEPHONE 6  
 412 W. 110th #42, NYC 10025  
 TOOTHPASTE 7  
 214 E. Court., Iowa City, Ia? 52240



*College Years: Mark, Scott, John DeBono, Peter, Dallas, Bob, Thomas, and Justin Gaviglio*





Since then I've been bathing in the Poem  
Of star-infused and milky Sea

Arthur Rimbaud

